

## **tu es mon amour, fève de ficelle by EvieSmallwood**

**Series:** [the tales of short stack and string bean \[6\]](#)

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**Summary:**

Studying French or studying with French?

## **tu es mon amour, fève de ficelle**

*Là, there*

*Ils sont, they're*

*Leur, their*

El slaps her pencil down with triumph. “Done with my French,” she proclaims happily. Vocab always takes her longer than everyone else (probably because she was still working on mastering her own in English), even if this is just easy review from last year.

Mike raises an eyebrow, gaze lifting from his own notes. They’re for physics, a class El doesn’t even want to bother with; it looks like a complete headache. “You sure?”

“What?”

Then her chair is being pulled closer, from the ankle he’s hooked around it, and he’s just inches away. “I said, are you sure you’re done with your French?”

El laughs, but she has to admit that was kind of smooth. “You’re an idiot.”

Mike grins. His eyes hold a magnetic sort of energy. She can tell he’s been waiting probably the whole day just for this. What a complete dork.

The tip of his nose just barely graces her own before their lips meet.

French kissing Michael Wheeler is a little like what she imagines touching an electric fence would feel; hot, with energy coursing all through her and buzzing and warming her skin, and she can’t stop *shaking*.

His hands close around her waist, pulling her forward. El goes with it, winding up in his lap, arms around his ribcage.

They have to keep pulling away for air—just little seconds, during

which they change the tilts of their heads. Mike bites down on her lip and tugs, which drives her crazy and he *knows* it.

She's absorbed in him; in the beating of his heart, in the way that he moans, brushing his face against her down when they finally lean away from one another, a little out of breath.

His pupils are totally blown and his lips are reddened. She's crazy for him, or about him, or however that goes.

Mike tucks his head into the crook of her neck, wrapping his arms around her waist. She loves just being with him—close, intertwined, needed. She loves the way he shivers when she starts to touch him, fingers tracing the bumps in his spine, and gently playing with his hair. She loves how unexpected every familiar thing seems to be.

It'll never get old. This feeling. She could sit like this all damn day and never get tired of his breath on her neck and his hands on her hips.

His hair is soft and smells like Old Spice. She curls a dark lock around her finger, tugging a little.

Mike meets her eyes. "What?"

"Nothing," she shrugs. El can't concentrate on anything except his freckles and his dorky half smile.

His eyes close again, content with the feeling of her hand running through his hair. "Say something in French."

El pauses. "Do you *know* any French?"

She can feel him shaking his head. El considers, running what little of the language she knows through her head. Nearly two whole years and she can just barely put a sentence together... it feels like being back at the start.

But she knows how to say one thing. She'd translated and memorised it the week she'd decided to take the class. It's so *stupid*, now, but it still makes her grin.

“Swear you don’t know any?”

“I *don’t*,” he laughs, “why does it matter, anyway?”

El bites her lip. “Tu es mon amour... fève de ficelle.”

His brow furrows. “What does that mean?”

“I’m not telling you!”

Mike makes a mock-outraged noise. Before she knows it, El is practically hanging over backward, hair just touching the ground while Mike blows raspberries against her bare stomach. She does her best to get away, but she’s laughing so hard that writhing and punches prove useless.

“Stop! Stop, *Mike*—”

“Not ‘til you tell me,” another raspberry.

El strains to sit up, and Mike leans back, which causes them both to lose balance. The chair topples backward, and El lets it fall.

She looms over him. “Huh. Look who has the upper hand now.”

If anything, he looks excited. “Guess you do. Damn, what a shame.”

El snorts, flicking his forehead. “You’re so dumb.”

His eyes light up, probably because he’s sappy and lovesick and stupid, just like her. She leans down and peppers his face with kisses—soft, sweet ones, because she can’t help it.

His jaw, his chin, his lips, his nose—she kisses them all.

“Hey shortstack?”

El pulls back, just a hair. “Yeah?”

“You’re my love, too.”

And wouldn’t that be sweet, if he wasn’t such a *liar*.

“I can’t *believe* you!”

“I’m sorry—ow, *hey*—”

“That was personal—”

“Then why tell me if—stop *hitting* me—”

El blows a stray curl from her face and glares. “You said you didn’t know what it meant.”

“Well, I don’t,” he grins. “At least not the last part.”

She stares at him for a long moment. “Stringbean,” she says, and then leans down to kiss his neck some more.

“Yeah?”

“That’s what it *means*, knucklehead,” she snaps. Mike gasps with understanding (and something else as she gently sucks the area behind his ear). “*Fève de ficelle*.”

“Oh,” he says. El bites his earlobe. “*Oh*.”

“Yeah,” she does it again and feels him melt against her, eyes fluttering closed. She’s suddenly aware of the weight of his hands against the small of her back. He pulls her infinitesimally closer and sighs against her collarbone.

Then they’re back to french.

### **Author's Note:**

I’M SORRY IF MY TRANSLATIONS ARE LIKE WAY OFF i used google so...

This is like, fluffier than cotton candy. I’m so sorry.

:D